



THE IRISH TENNANT FARMERS LAMENT

FROM

EVICTION FROM HIS NATIVE HOME

All you that sympathise with poor old Ireland
And its destitute inhabitan's pray for a moment stand
The evictions trials & hardships I mean to let you know
Which befal in Donegall on poor Patt Roe

CHORUS—?

So now kind freinds just listen to my Irish tale of woe
Cause'd by the Agents, vengeance upon poor Patt Roe

For forty years industriously I struggled very nigh
From early dawn till sunset my brow was never dry
To dig to plough or harrow to set to reap or mow
Hard work was only pleasure to you poor Patt Roe

Once I had a triving farm could sit down at my ease
Besides a well fill'd barn that yearly increase
Until high rents & taxes brought me to grief & woe
So cast upon the wice wide world was poor Patt Roe

Then at length I got into arrears not adle for to stand
For to purchase seed to cultivate my little bit of land
My crops the fail'd my door was nail'd say's the landlard you
must go
To the poor house for non payment of rent went poor Patt Roe

When I saw my cabin level'd where first I drew my breath
And my children crying round me unto me it was second death
My brain it reel'd I stagger'd fell & cry'd where will you go
For shelter with your family now poor Patt Roe

For two days we have been fasting after we left our home
Like pilgrims through the world not knowing where to roam
At last to the union we were compell'd to go
For shelter with your family now poor Patt Roe

My wife died broken-hearted when she found we were exile'd
When I think of her departare with greif I near go wild
And often down my furrowed checks the briny tears do flow
For her that's dead who in youth was wed with poor Patt Roe

Now to conclude those verses I hope the day's near hand
When the struggling tenant farmer can enjoy both house &
land,
And may the Irish peasantry neither want or misery know,
Is the heart felt wish & prayer for all of poor Patt Roe